

GOD BLESS US... EVERY **GUN**

A CHRISTMAS CARNAGE



OWEN A. FORREMS

A Christmas Massacre

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*For Rick,
without whom none of this would be possible.*

And for Mrs. Forrems,

With All of My Love

The best lack all conviction, while the worst are full of passionate intensity. - W. B. Yeats, The Second Coming

A fat stomach never breeds fine thoughts. -St. Jerome

I deserve to be blown first, before the fucking jacuzzi. -Mel Gibson

Prologue



SCROOGE WAS DEAD, TO BEGIN WITH.

It had come as a surprise to his person, but not that big of a surprise, were he to be honest. Which he'd endeavored to be. One of the many earthly virtues The Spirits had labored to imbue within him through those long nights holding up silvered looking glasses to his own countenance all those Christmas Eves ago.

Marley among them. Poor Jacob, presumably even now straining under the weight of the steel links he'd forged through a corporeal life squandered in pursuit of sterling pounds at the expense of the suffering of those fate had placed in his charge.

However, that was the distant past. At least insofar as the past, present, and future could be considered and contained within the meager confines of a single human skull. Which, Scrooge came to understand while looking down upon his own mortal leavings, he no longer inhabited. Even now, he felt his awareness rushing outward, like wine spilled from a cup expanding in every direction to find the dimensions of the table, and then cascade over the edges.

How did I get here? Scrooge's ghost thought. What happened to me?

He cast his mind about, flailing for some key to his current state of affairs. All he could remember was a name.

“Tim,” Scrooge said hoarsely. “*Tiny Tim.*”

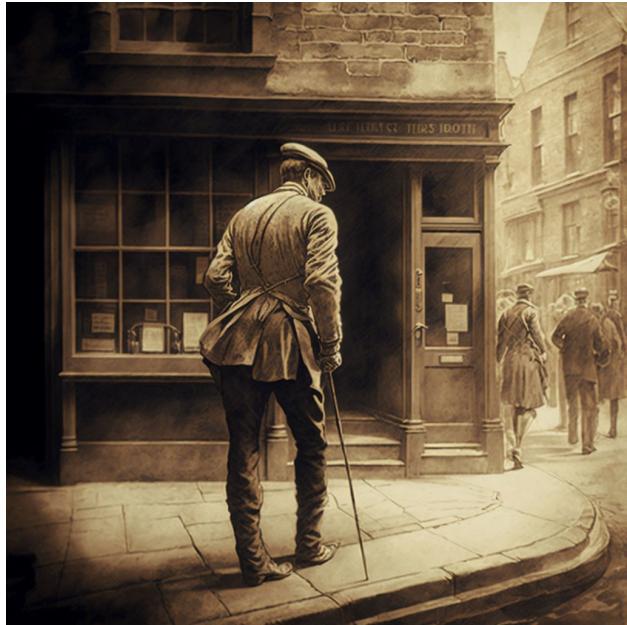
Of course. It had started with the boy, the poor, crippled boy now grown to crippled manhood. Cratchit's son, whom he had lunched with recently at the pub on the corner.

Start there, he thought. Start there, and work your way forward.

Scrooge was dead, to begin with, and he had no idea what had happened.

Chapter 1

Lunch with an Old Friend. The Gift of Knowledge. Murder!



Pub.

When he arrived, he saw Ebenezer Scrooge already seated and waiting for him. Scrooge was an old friend of Tim's father, and had been bringing him lunch every week since he was a young boy. They had talked for countless hours about philosophy and politics over the years, always debating until Scrooge finally conceded defeat.

Scrooge welcomed Tiny Tim warmly and offered to buy him something from the bar. But before Tiny Tim could answer, Scrooge quickly pulled out a purse brimming with coins and placed it in front of him on the table. "This should help you get by this winter season, my son," said Scrooge warmly as he patted Tiny Tim's hand affectionately.

TINY TIM CRATCHIT WALKED WITH A SLOW, LABORED GAIT and a determined look on his face. He carefully stepped through the cobblestone streets of east London on his crutch, feeling the cold winter air brush past his thin frame. The streets were bustling with people going about their business, but they all seemed distant to Tiny Tim as he made his way to Hooligan's Super

Tiny Tim felt overwhelmed by such generosity; tears welled up in his eyes as he thanked Scrooge for his kindness.

"Oi!" he exclaimed really cockneyishly for some reason. "Scrooge, you is me true best mate, you is."

He quickly stowed away the money inside his pocket so that no one else would see it, vowing to save it all for an emergency if need be.

Scrooge smiled knowingly at this gesture; perhaps it reminded him of himself when he was younger—careful with money and striving hard to make ends meet.

He quickly changed the topic and began to talk about Tiny Tim's late father. He spoke fondly of their conversations in the past, and of how he had always admired Bob Cratchit's intelligence and knowledge.

When Ebenezer paused in his musings, Tiny Tim asked if he could possibly show him some of his father's old books. Scrooge eagerly accepted this request and said that he was sure that he still had a few of them lying around in his study back at home.

"But you mind me, Tiny Tim!" Scrooge warned, half-joking. "Don't you go reading your old father's accounts of how bloody cheap I was in those days! I'm changed, remember?"

Tiny Tim only laughed and ordered another pint.

Presently the two men set out together on foot towards Scrooge's home, the cold air embracing them as they made their way through the streets. When they arrived at Scrooge's office and residence, there were indeed several old books lying around—covered with dust, and fading from age, but still filled with fascinating stories from forgotten times.

Scrooge handed Tiny Tim four volumes of Homer's *Odyssey* as well as three books by Plato; all bound in soft leather with intricate designs on the front cover. "These will help you discover some amazing secrets about our

world and beyond," said Scrooge as he gently brushed off some dust from the spines and handed them to Tiny Tim.

Tiny Tim was so overwhelmed by this gesture that he could barely contain himself. He ran over to hug Scrooge tightly before setting off for home with an armful of precious knowledge. As he walked away into the night, a satisfied smile spread across Scrooge's face, knowing that he had been able to bring joy to someone during such difficult times.

The next day, Tiny Tim gathered his family around him and opened the first book. His son, Tiny Jim, who always wore maroon pants, listened intently as his father recited the opening lines of Homer's *Odyssey*. He seemed transfixed by the story; his eyes widening in amazement as he heard tales of brave warriors and mythical creatures roaming the seas. As they finished one story, Tiny Tim noticed a scrap of paper wedged in between the pages. He delicately unfolded it to find a mysterious set of numbers written on it, and the word MARLEY in bold letters at the bottom.

"Papa, what's that?" Tiny Jim asked, not blinking.

"I don't know, James," his father replied.

Confused but intrigued by this message, Tiny Tim made sure to keep it safe inside his pocket before continuing on reading further tales to his young son. As he read, he couldn't help but think back fondly on Scrooge's generosity; it had been such an unexpected and delightful surprise that had filled their home with hope during these harrowing times.

When the sun began to set, Tiny Tim and Tiny Jim decided to take a walk back to Scrooge's home and ask him if he had any insight into the strange scrap of paper. Tiny Jim put on a goofy ship captain's hat for no reason and made funny faces as they walked along in the fading light. Soon they found themselves standing once more outside of Scrooge's door filled with excitement and anticipation.

However, the door to Scrooge's Jewish moneylending business was locked, and the old man didn't come to the door when they knocked.

"Well... maybe he's asleep," Tim said.

"Papa, look!" Tiny Jim said. He was pointing at one of the ground-level windows. It was broken. Glass lay in the snow at its base.

"Let's take a look inside," Tiny Tim said.

The two of them approached the window and peered in. What they saw was not what they expected. The door was still barred from the inside, but the room beyond held more than just dust and cobwebs. Desks were scattered about with stacks of paper spilling out onto the floor, and books were strewn about at random as if someone had been looking for something important.

Tiny Jim and Tiny Tim looked at each other in awe before entering through the broken window and starting their search for clues.

"Mister Scrooge? Ebenezer?" Tim called out. The study was empty and cold; it was as though Scrooge had never built a fire today, though it had been cold enough to snow.

The deeper they ventured into Scrooge's home, the more frightened Tim felt. The house had a distinct feeling of having been empty for some time, and papers were scattered everywhere as though someone had been searching for something.

"Papa, where is Uncle Scrooge?" Tiny Jim asked. For some reason he had replaced the captain's hat with a red Father Christmas hat and a pair of amber-tinted Bono sunglasses like a real asshole.

"I don't know," Tiny Tim said.

In the back room they found him, sprawled on the floor amid scattered papers beneath the giant oil painting of Scrooge's late business partner, Jacob Marley. Scrooge's throat had been cut and his yarmulka lay discarded

in a corner. Someone had painted a swastika on Scrooge's forehead in his own blood despite Hitler not even being born yet.

"Oh, Papa!" Tiny Jim wailed.

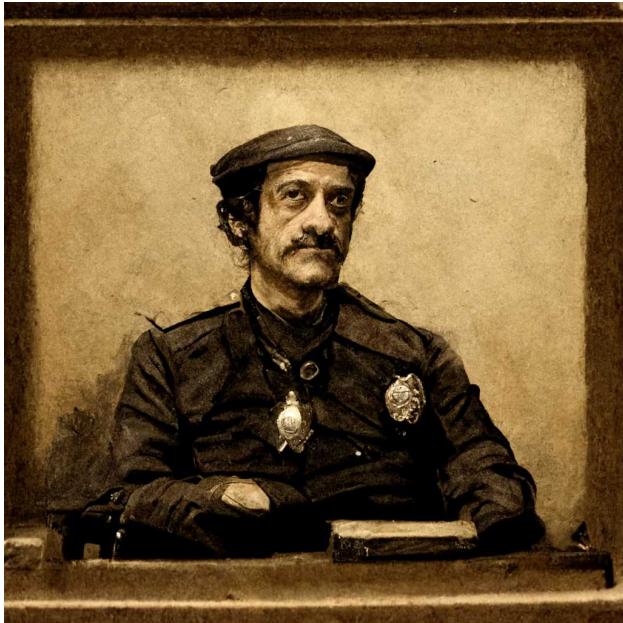
"Dear God," Tim said and fell to his knees beside Scrooge's body.

The two of them stayed there for a while, staring at the body and mourning their loss. Finally Tim looked up and told Jim that they must go to the police; that only by finding out who had done this to Scrooge could they bring justice to his death.

"Let's go," Tim said, standing up. "I'll bring you home, and then I'm going to visit the precinct. Scrooge's killer must be brought to justice!"

Chapter 2

The Proper Authorities. Duke Justin's Evil Path. A New "Girl" Friend.



AFTER DROPPING HIS SON AT HOME, TINY TIM PROCEEDED TO THE POLICE STATION, which was a small brick building tucked between 17 whore houses. Tiny Tim limped into the building and said to the desk sergeant, "I need to report a murder, I do!"

Tiny Tim was brought to a back office. Inside he found Inspector Joe Cumia, a fat, bald, cow-eyed buffoon of a detective, lounging behind a desk. On the wall behind him was an array of imported Hong Kong accordions. Inspector Cumia looked up at him blearily when Tiny Tim entered.

"Oh, look," he said, reclining in his chair. "Another SNOWFLAKE MILLENNIAL looking for a HANDOUT from A MAN who SERVED his nation with HONOR! What do you want, LIBTARD?"

"Nothing," Tiny Tim said, "I'm just here to report a murder."

He proceeded to tell the inspector what he had seen, and how he suspected Scrooge's killer was lurking in the shadows. Inspector Cumia just nodded along, not seeming too interested in what Tiny Tim had to say.

"I'll look into it," Cumia said eventually. "In the meantime, you should stay off the streets at night. People are saying there's a killer on the loose.

Buncha little girls gone missing. You're small enough someone might mistake you for one."

Tiny Tim nodded and left the station feeling uneasy but nonetheless determined to do whatever he could to see justice done for his beloved Ebenezer J. Scrooge.

The next day Tiny Tim went around town asking questions about Scrooge's murderer and gathering information from anyone who would talk with him. Everywhere he went people were talking about a mysterious figure haunting local pubs, claiming credit for killing old Ebenezer Scrooge. They called him Duke Justin, and said that no one knew his true identity or why he had targeted Scrooge specifically.

Tiny Tim was more determined than ever to find out who this killer was, so that his friend Scrooge could have justice served on him in death as well as life!

In another bar downtown, Tim spoke to a small, shaken little boy who was getting fawken zooted because it's like 1864 or whatever. Eventually Tiny Tim got the boy to talk to him by buying him six daiquiris.

"I am looking for someone who calls himself Duke Justin," Tiny Tim said.

"Yes, I know him," the boy said, still shaking. "His real name is Paul Weener, and he runs a pedophile ring. I... I was his sex slave for six months before escaping."

Tiny Tim was horrified to hear this. He had suspected that Paul Weener was targeting Scrooge for some personal vendetta, but he had never expected it would be something so heinous.

He knew he had to bring this information to the police, and vowed to do everything in his power to make sure Paul Weener faced justice for what he had done.

"You'll never catch him," the boy said. "He's too smart. But last I heard he was living under a bridge with four young boys and his associate, a big retarded lumox named Hilderman. Paul's a photographer, which is a new profession you probably aren't familiar with here in Victorian England. He always has a bunch of those giant box cameras with little birdies that pop out around him."

Tiny Tim thanked the boy and ran off to the police station as fast as he could. With this new information in hand, Inspector Cumia organized a stakeout at the bridge where Paul Weener was said to be living with his associate and the four young boys.

The area around the bridge was dark and deserted, save for a few dim lamp posts that did nothing to alleviate the oppressive feeling of dread that hung in the air. The police officers were all on high alert, their eyes gleaming in anticipation of finally catching their criminal.

Tiny Tim stood off to one side, his heart pounding in his chest as he watched the police creep closer and closer. Then, finally, they found him—Paul Weener, standing tall and proud at one end of the bridge alongside his associate Hilderman and four young boys who appeared very frightened by what was happening around them.

The police moved quickly but silently forward until they had completely surrounded Paul Weener and the others. One by one they stepped out of hiding into plain view, guns drawn and pointed right at him.

Paul Weener seemed unphased by this show of force; instead he simply smirked as he looked down upon all those whom he thought were beneath him—including Tiny Tim, who had been observing from afar all night long.

As the police closed in, Paul screamed that he was being bullied, and leapt from the bridge into the Thames. Tiny Tim heard a splash in the darkness, and even though he was a cripple decided to swim after Paul. But

just then he heard the hiss of a match being lit. Tiny Tim spun around and saw a transsexual woman, obviously a prostitute, with straight black hair and weird tits. She was lighting a cigarette and leaning on a railing along the harbor quay.

"Don't bother, pegleg," the tranny said. "They don't call him The Ghost of Christmas Prezzies for nothing. Paul is a master of disappearing, and a champion swimmer, too. And anyway, I can tell you exactly where he's going."

Chapter 3

Paul's Boutique. N-Persons. A New Suspect.



THE SCANTILY CLAD "WOMAN" SAID HER NAME WAS SUE FRIGHTENING. While she smoked her cigarette alongside the river, she told Tiny Tim about how she had come to know Paul Weener.

"He used to come sniffing around my, erm, grandpa, Count Antolini, because he heard there were kids around all the time. Grandpa got

jealous, and had one of his henchmen run Paul off, but that's how I met him."

Sue revealed that Paul was most likely heading to a secret hideout in the city. An old abandoned warehouse, hidden down narrow back alleys and tucked away in the bowels of a shabby, run-down neighborhood. It was there that Paul Weener had been hiding out with the four boys, planning his next wicked scheme.

On the bridge above them, they watched as the police freed the four raped boys and threw a net over Hilderman who was grunting and thrashing about.

"Thank you," Tiny Tim said to Sue. "I guess it's up to me to catch Paul. Will you help me?"

"Sure I will," Sue said. "Paul was only interested in me when I was a boy. After I started wearing cocktail dresses and heels and tits, he ghosted me. I've always held a grudge."

Together, they devised a plan; Sue would pretend to be a boy and attract Paul's attention while Tiny Tim hid nearby, ready to pounce. Sue agreed to dress in a revealing schoolboy outfit and lure him back to her apartment—the perfect trap for their unsuspecting prey.

They worked quickly and silently, preparing their plan of attack. Soon enough, they were ready to put it into action.

Tiny Tim took up his post on the street outside the abandoned warehouse while Sue made her way towards the hideout. As she walked along, she kept her eyes peeled for any sign of Paul Weener or his associates.

When she reached the entrance of the old warehouse, there he was—tall and menacing with four new boys cowering behind him. Before he had the chance to run away or fight back, Sue pulled out her gun and pointed it directly at him. Tiny Tim appeared from his hiding place and bashed Paul over the head with his crutch. Together they managed to subdue him without any trouble at all.

The police soon arrived on the scene as well, arresting Paul Weener for his crimes against God. The four young boys were taken away safe in their arms and given treatment for their physical wounds as well as psychological help for what had happened to them over such a long period of time under Paul's control.

However, back at the police station, Inspector Cumia wasn't buying it.

"This guy's truly a mealy-mouthed faggot, but he didn't kill Scrooge," Cumia said. "He doesn't have the guts. Ebenezer Scrooge's murder has nigger home invasion written all over it. The real killer's still out there."

Just then Paul was perp-walked past Inspector Cumia's office, screaming and wailing that he was innocent. One of the cops said, "I'm so sorry, Paul."

"Well, what do we do?" Tiny Tim asked. "If Paul didn't do it, where does that leave us?"

"I don't know," Inspector Cumia said. "If you'll excuse me, it's late. I have to go home and fuck the Crypt Keeper."

Tiny Tim and Sue were both perplexed by this remark, but before they had a chance to question the Inspector any further, he was out the door. They exchanged a helpless look. It seemed as if the investigation was at a dead end.

"But," Sue said, picking up on the Inspector's words. "We could follow up on this lead—that of the home invasion. If we can find the sort of people who might do that sort of crime, then perhaps they will lead us closer to the truth."

Tiny Tim nodded in agreement, and they set off down the street in search of new evidence and suspects. Along the way, Sue made sure to keep her eyes peeled for any clues or hints of Paul's involvement with Scrooge's murder, but nothing leapt out at them. As they continued their search, however, they noticed a gang of eight suspicious, swarthy characters loitering around a nearby alleyway; niggers of various shapes and sizes with shifty eyes that darted away when they caught sight of Sue and Tiny Tim.

The two approached cautiously and identified themselves as detectives looking for information about Scrooge's murder.

"Yo! Getchoo ass outta heah," one of them babbled. He pointed at Sue. "You is a MAN, and you nigga is a white boy cripple. What it is, Mama!"

"Don't make me ask you again," Sue Frightening said, narrowing her eyes.

"Cor blimey," Tiny Tim muttered. He knew where this was going.

"Getchoo ass outta here afore I kick yo DICK off and eat yo little nigga fo breakfast!" the lead gentleman insisted.

Sue let a set of nunchucks slip past her teeny wanger and out of her underwear into her hand. Tiny Tim got a good grip on his crutch.

"I think it's time we cleaned up the London streets," Sue said with a snarl.

Tiny Tim was immediately energized by her words and smiled with determination. He knew that together they could channel Sue's latent hormonal tranny rage and take care of these characters with relative ease. Sue began to twirl the nunchucks in her hands and stepped forward, drawing the attention of the gang. Tiny Tim clumsily moved around them while they were all distracted, setting himself up behind a stout trash bin for cover. The gang stood around for a few minutes, jabbering and doing that ball grabbing thing those people do when they're about to fight. You know what I'm talking about.

Then they rushed forward as one unit, trying to take Sue down with their superior numbers and greater strength. She parried some of their blows with her nunchucks while skillfully dodging others, but she was quickly becoming overwhelmed. It was then that Tiny Tim made his move, leaping out from behind cover and swinging his crutch wide at their heads like a cricket bat!

The gang members stumbled back in shock as Tiny Tim knocked two of them unconscious and sent several scurrying away in fear! With renewed vigor and determination, Sue finished off the remaining four thugs by sending them flying into an open dumpster nearby where they lay groaning in pain.

Only one of the gentlemen remained conscious, laying on his back with his hands raised in surrender.

"Oh lawdy, lawdy!" he screamed. "Please don't be hurtin me, nice Mistah Ladyman! I dindu nuffin! Oh praise Jesus, didn't I?"

"What," Tiny Tim said.

"Okay, fine," the gang member said, suddenly very well-spoken for one of those people. "We didn't have anything to do with the murder, but I think I know who did. A few weeks ago a man came up to us—he was a messenger from the government. Someone high-up asked us to murder your friend Ebenezer Scrooge."

"Oi? Who was it then, bruv?" Tiny Tim asked impatiently. He waved his heavy wooden crutch over the gang member's head. "Don't play about, mate, I'm in no mood for giggles."

"No suh, no suh," the nigger said, shaking his head emphatically. "I's glad to say. It was the Lord Mayor hisself—Fonald Plump!"

Chapter 4

The Lord Mayor's Office. Rak Chu. London Pride.



THE WORDS OF THE MAN SENT CHILLS down Sue and Tiny Tim's spines. Could it be true? Were they really on the right track?

Sue and Tiny Tim carefully interrogated the negroid, asking him for more details. They asked him about the messenger, what he wanted them to do, who else was involved in this plot, and why Scrooge had been targeted in particular. The negroid was hesitant at first, but eventually began to open up as Sue promised him protection if he told her everything that had happened.

Finally, after a long period of questioning, Sue and Tiny Tim had what they needed—an address for Fonald Plump's mansion and a plan for how to confront him. Armed with this new information, the two set off into the night determined to get to the bottom of this mystery once and for all.

They arrived at the columned Lord Mayor's mansion around midnight. A sallow-faced butler answered the door. "Yes, what is it?" he asked, staring at them with marked irritation.

"We are here to see the Lord Mayor, Fonald Plump," Tiny Tim replied. "He has information that could be vital to our investigation."

The butler hesitated for a moment before nodding his head and gesturing for them to enter. He then led Sue and Tiny Tim through the mansion,

illuminated only by flickering candlelight. As they walked, Tiny Tim glanced around in awe at the richly decorated rooms with their ornate furniture, intricate carvings and gilded mirrors. Everywhere he looked there were signs of great wealth and decadence; this was truly a house fit for a lord mayor!

Eventually they reached the end of their tour at an impressive mahogany door with gold handles. The butler knocked once before opening it slightly and announcing their presence. From inside came a gruff voice ordering them to enter.

Inside they found Plump seated in a leather chair, smoking a cigar. He eyed the pauper Tiny Tim and the trans prostitute Sue Frightening with skepticism.

"What is it you two niggers want with the Lord Mayor?" he asked finally. "Speak quickly, or I'll feed you to Rak Chu, my Bengal tiger."

Sue and Tiny Tim stood their ground, refusing to be intimidated. Sue thrust her tits up in the air and addressed Plump with more courage than she ever thought possible. "We need to know why you wanted Ebenezer Scrooge dead," she said firmly.

"Scrooge? Never heard of him," Plump said, puffing on his cigar, but they could see his eyes drift to the side.

He's lying, Tiny Tim thought. He knows something.

"A group of, eh, *men* told us you tried to hire them to kill him," Sue said coolly, "and now he's dead."

"He's dead? Ha, excellent! So the last Jew in all of London is no more. My campaign promises are fulfilled."

"So you did know him!" Tiny Tim said.

Plump's eyes narrowed into slits as he considered his response. Finally, he gestured to Rak Chu, who had been sleeping in a corner of the room

until now. The enormous Bengal tiger slowly began to stalk towards them menacingly.

"Watch out, Tiny Tim!" Sue Frightening said. She had a boner.

Rak Chu advanced on Tim. A low growl rumbled in the big cat's chest.

Tiny Tim's eyes widened in fear. He didn't know what to do. But Sue Frightening had already begun to act.

She grabbed a nearby fire poker from the floor and slammed it against Rak Chu's back with all her might. The tiger yelped in pain and surprise, turning her attention towards Sue instead of Tiny Tim.

Meanwhile, Tiny Tim hobbled over to grab an antique vase from a shelf and hurled it at the beast's head. It connected with a thud, causing Rak Chu to stumble back in confusion.

In an unbelievably stupid move, Sue rushed forward again and took hold of the tiger's tail, twisting it until the tiger turned around and ate her. But then the tiger caught AIDS and started coughing. It went over to a corner and curled up, trembling silently.

"SUE!" Tiny Tim screamed. "NOOOOOOOOO!"

Plump, meanwhile, had grabbed a gun from his coat and was aiming it at Tiny Tim. "You think you can come into my home and threaten me? You're dead."

The gun fired with a loud bang and the sound of shattering glass echoed across the room. Tiny Tim screamed and dived behind furniture for cover. A few moments later, the sound of the gunshot faded away and all that could be heard was Plump panting heavily in rage.

Tiny Tim sat there huddled in fear, wondering if he would make it out alive.

"You fuckin' crip! You're dead!" Plump was screaming. There was a ratcheting noise, and Tiny Tim realized Plump had broken the single-shot

derringer open to reload it.

He had to act fast. Tiny Tim stumbled towards Plump, attempting to disarm him by knocking the gun away with his crutch.

He knew he only had one chance at this and he was determined to make it count. With all of his strength, he lifted the crutch above his head and bashed it downwards towards Plump's arm, praying that it wouldn't break in half before getting there.

Plump screamed in pain as Tiny Tim managed to knock the gun away from him, sending it clattering across the floor out of reach. But then Plump quickly recovered and lunged forward, throwing a punch at Tiny Tim's face that sent him sprawling backwards onto the hard stone floor.

Tiny Tim scrambled back up just in time to dodge another punch from Plump while simultaneously swinging his crutch around wildly in an attempt to hold him off. He got a lucky shot in and Fonald Plump was knocked flat.

Tiny Tim stood over him, panting for breath. "You killed my friend I just met tonight, you FASCIST," he said. "What do you think I should do with you?"

The Lord Mayor stared up at him, his eyes filled with a mix of despair and grief. "Please," he said in a deep, rumbling voice. "I didn't kill Scrooge."

"Go on, Lord Mayor Plump," Tim said.

"I'm glad he's dead. It's no secret I want the kikes out of London. But I didn't do it. I just explored the idea."

"Then who did?"

"I'm afraid I don't know that," he said. "If I did, I'd give them a medal."

Tiny Tim stared at him for a long time. "I'm going home now," he said finally. "I hope you have learned that trans lives matter, Mr. Lord Mayor. If

you should forget that, I'll be coming back."

"I won't," Plump sobbed. "I swear I won't. Please, just go."

Tiny Tim nodded and stepped away. As he walked back home, he made a decision: he was going to use what just happened as an opportunity to make a change in his community. He would organize a rally to speak out against discrimination and hate crime.

He spoke with the local newspapers, worked with the police department, and got other members of the LGBTQIA+ community involved in order to spread the message. On the day of the rally, hundreds of people had gathered at City Hall Square to show their support for Tiny Tim's mission. They carried signs reading "Love is Love" and "Discrimination Will Not Be Tolerated", chanting loudly so that everyone could hear them.

The crowd cheered when Tiny Tim took center stage and pleaded for people to stand together against hatred and division. His speech resonated within each person's heart as they all stood there united in one purpose: To protect their rights no matter who they were or where they came from.

By the time it was over, everyone left feeling uplifted by Tim's powerful words advocating for love, acceptance and respect amongst all human beings - regardless of race, gender identity, sexual orientation, and yes, even kikes.

After all that he remembered he still hadn't solved the mystery of who had murdered Ebenezer Scrooge.

Chapter 5

Clever Plot Twist. Space Applebees.



THE NEXT MORNING HE REMEMBERED THE NOTE he'd found hidden in his father's books and took it out to examine it again. The word MARLEY glared up at him from the paper, and the series of numbers written beneath it. The sequence was puzzling. Almost as though it was a combination.

He remembered then the oil painting of Jacob Marley hanging in Scrooge's office. He rushed back to the office, broke in, and with trembling hands removed the painting from its nail on the wall.

Behind it was a door that had been completely concealed. He tried the handle and it opened easily. As Tim stepped inside he found himself in a room filled with paintings, books and artifacts of all kinds—obviously Scrooge's hidden treasure trove.

In one corner stood an old wooden safe. He took out his paper and tried the combination; it worked! The safe opened up and revealed a wealth of coins, gems, and jewelry.

At that moment he heard a cough behind him and spun around. A bland looking man was staring dumbly at him. He had on strange clothes made of some futuristic material, and hair sculpted and gelled in a style that would get his ass kicked in this neighborhood.

"Who- who are you?" Tiny Tim asked.

"Oh, hello," the man said, as though noticing him for the first time. "Sorry, my name is Firstname Lastname—haha, clever, right? I'm a traveler from the distant future. I believe I may have accidentally piloted my ship into a black hole while trying to find a Space Applebees. I lost consciousness, and just woke up standing here. Do you have Space Applebees in this time period?"

Tiny Tim's eyes widened. "You're from the future?!"

Firstname Lastname nodded, and as Tiny Tim began to ask him more questions, he interrupted with a look of realization.

"Wait—I know why I'm here," he said excitedly. "Is this Ebenezer Scrooge's office? I'm his great-great-great-great-great grandson! Space-time must have brought me here by folding antimatter around the quantum eclectic! Hey, where is Scrooge, anyway? I'd like to say hello."

"He was murdered," Tim said. "Actually, I was hoping you could help me with that."

Firstname Lastname looked surprised. "Murdered? Wow, I'm sorry to hear that. But maybe I can help you. You see, I have this little device here," he said as he pulled a small box out of his pocket and opened it to reveal a futuristic looking tablet inside.

"This is a time machine." Firstname Lastname went on to explain that the tablet was able to transport them through time and space so they could witness Scrooge's murder. Tim was amazed at the possibility of such a thing but unsure how safe it would be to use, however Firstname Lastname assured him that all would be well. They would be undetectable to anyone in the past, and only be able to watch events play out.

"But aren't you interacting with me now?" Tiny Tim asked. "And this is the past for you, isn't it?"

"Well, yes, but you see there are over a billion grains of sand on the beach and this is but one of them," Firstname said dumbly so Tim just shrugged.

As Firstname Lastname punched in coordinates into the tablet, Tim felt an immense feeling of power before the world around them began to melt away into starlight and energy. Suddenly, they were hurtling through time itself! The sensation was like nothing he had ever experienced before—it was truly wondrous!

The world resolved again and Tiny Tim saw they were still in Scrooge's study, but the room had changed. The house was clean, and a candle burned in a menorah on Scrooge's mantle. The door opened then and Scrooge came in. He did not appear to see them at all, however.

"This is it," Tiny Tim said. "This must be the night he was murdered."

"Wait, my ancestor was a Jew?" Firstname asked, staring at the menorah.

"Yes, of course! He was a moneylender, remember?" Tiny Tim said.

As Firstname Lastname watched in amazement, he realized that his ancestor had embraced his Jewish identity and that it had been important to him. His heart filled with pride as he watched Scrooge light the Hanukkah candles with reverence and joy. He went up and down the steps of candles with the lighter—one candle, two candles, three—

"That will do, child," said a man with one of those pushy effeminate voices. You know, like when fags are weirdly aggressive. "I'd rather not be a witness to your little Satanic ritual."

Chapter 6

The Pig Man Cometh. Witness to a Murder. A Return to the Present.



SCROOGE NEARLY DROPPED THE CANDLE WITH FRIGHT. He peered into the shadows of the room. "What? Who's there? This is private property!"

A fat man with a single tuft of baby hair on his head waddled out of the gloom. "No, child, it's not," the man said. Despite his demanding words, the man's voice remained high and effeminate.

"What? Patrick Hamlinson? What are you doing here?"

Patrick laughed. "Yes, it is I, Patrick S. Hamlinson, or @stealthygeek as I'm known in the opinion pages of the *Times*, and I've come here to collect your debt, octogenarian child. You and your cabal of criminal letter stalkers have cost me over 80 pounds in legal fees, and I have resolved to take it out of your ass, little jew child."

Scrooge's mouth dropped open as Patrick advanced on him. Tiny Tim and Firstname Lastname were speechless as they watched the two engage in a heated argument. From what they could gather, Scrooge and some acquaintances had been sending Hamlinson harassing letters in the mail, and rather than simply change his address, Hamlinson had attempted to sue

them for damages. He had lost the lawsuit and been ordered to pay restitution, but had so far refused.

Each man tried to outwit and outmaneuver the other in their angry debate. Scrooge refused to pay him anything, saying that Hamlinson had brought it upon himself, while Patrick argued that the harassment was enough to ruin a famous scribe such as himself. With each word, their voices grew louder and their body language more aggressive. Finally, Patrick shouted that Scrooge had ruined too many lives and would pay for his sins one way or another—with his money, or his blood!

"Get out of my house, you fat faggot!" Scrooge shouted at him.

"The grave awaits, old man child," Patrick snorted back at him. "Time to be neutralized."

Patrick huffed and puffed over to Scrooge and hit him with a clumsy backhand slap. The old man instantly crumpled to the ground. Tiny Tim and Firstname Lastname both lunged forward, but of course they were invisible and could do nothing to stop him. Patrick got his fat hands around Scrooge's throat, and began throttling him, whipping his head back and forth. Soon Scrooge's lips were blue, and Patrick dropped his lifeless body to the floor, gasping for breath at the grueling 20 seconds of effort.

"Then it's done," Patrick said. "I regret only that you're so old you've lost most of your teeth; otherwise I'd have spoon-fed them to you."

Tiny Tim and Firstname Lastname watched in horror, powerless to intervene as Patrick raided Scrooge's larder, helping himself to an entire rope of sausages before leaving.

"Well.... that's it I guess," Firstname Lastname said. "That's how my ancestor bit it. We'd better get you back." He pulled out the tablet, punched in a code, and an instant later they found themselves back in the present.

Scrooge's office was cluttered once more, and the hidden door hung open before them.

"Patrick Hamlinson," Tiny Tim said musingly. "I never heard of him before."

"He sure was fat," Firstname Lastname said. "What will you do now?"

"I guess I will go back to the police," Tiny Tim said. "That Inspector Joe Cumia has not been very helpful so far. Perhaps if I point him towards Hamlinson, he'll move a little quicker."

"Sounds like a plan," Firstname said. "Hey, I think the time circuit tachyon pulse neutrino fields are bucking. I have to leave now. I have to go back to my time and continue doing adventures in space. Adventures where I get lots of puss and where ethnic minor characters do extremely ethnic things. It sure was great to watch Scrooge get killed with you. Bye now!"

Before Tiny Tim could reply, Firstname Lastname had vanished.

Chapter 7

The Makings of a Murderer.



TINY TIM SET OFF FOR THE POLICE STATION. Inspector Joe Cumia was at his desk again, scanning through paperwork as usual. When he saw Tiny Tim, his face lit up and he waved him over. Tiny Tim quickly explained what had transpired.

"So you time traveled a few days into the past, and you witnessed that Patrick guy kill Ebenezer Scrooge?"

He shrugged. "Sounds kind of far-fetched."

"Yes," Tiny Tim snapped. "Why won't you believe me? Scientists have LONG known about a fourth dimension!"

Joe looked dumbly skeptical like he had just read a tweet from a libtard snowflake or Ron Perlman maybe. "Well, I don't know," he said. "I guess it could be true, but there's no evidence to support it at this point. We'll need a lot more info before we can start looking into that Patrick guy."

Tiny Tim nodded and began his quest to find out all he could about Patrick Hamlinson. He searched through the archives of public records, newspaper articles, and old photographs. He found a mugshot of Patrick from when he was arrested for petty theft and literary plagiarism a few years prior. There were also several reports from the time relating to other scams and small-time crimes he had committed as well.

Next, Tiny Tim began interviewing anyone who knew Patrick in hopes of finding out more about him and any involvement he may have had with Scrooge's death. After three days of inquiries he learned that Patrick had an ex-wife, a woman named Ade who looked sorta like Philip Seymour Hoffman. He found her living on a small farm just outside of the city with her three kids, John Jr., Mustafa, and Annabelle. Ade and Tiny Tim watched the kids playing in the yard while she poured Tiny Tim some tea from a battered kettle.

"Yes, I was married to Patrick for a few years," Ade said, when she had finally sat down. "Annabelle is his daughter, in fact. She's six now. She's never even met him."

Inspector Joe Cumia soon arrived, and the two began to interrogate Ade regarding her relationship with Patrick. She told them that they had met at a mutual friend's house years ago. She said that Patrick was always up to no good, constantly getting himself into trouble and never having enough money. They had eventually gotten married, but it only lasted for a few months. She had been unable to take his reckless behavior any longer. She had left him for his best friend, a hard-working knife maker named Big John Studd. Now Patrick was afraid to come around their farm, although they occasionally got passive-aggressive letters from him in the mail.

They learned that Scrooge had met Patrick through his synagogue's outreach program for lazy bums, but had failed to penetrate Patrick's big dumb head. Soon the two had begun exchanging heated, angry letters. Patrick began referring to Scrooge as a "stalker child" all the time, and had always said that he'd love to get his hands on that old man's fortune.

"Do you think my ex-husband killed that sweet old Hebe?" Ade asked cautiously.

"Yes, I do," Tiny Tim said.

At this point Inspector Joe Cumia was convinced enough to put out an APB on Patrick Hamlinson and search his house for any evidence linking him to Scrooge's death. Tiny Tim thanked Ade for her help and wished her luck as he left the farm with Joe in tow. They were halfway to the road when Ade came running after them.

"Wait! Tim, wait!" she called.

"Yes?"

"There's one more thing I just remembered - do you know about Paul Weener?"

Inspector Cumia nodded slowly. "Yeah, the creepy faggot. We had him locked up, but I heard he made bail."

"He knows Patrick. They're good friends," Ade said. "They run in the same circles if you know what I mean."

Tiny Tim snapped his fingers. This might be the break they were looking for! With every piece of information, they were one step closer to unraveling Scrooge's mysterious demise.

Chapter 8

Hooligan's Super Pub. Patrick Eats. A Dangerous Pursuit.



INSPECTOR CUMIA BID TINY TIM GOOD BYE once they'd returned to the city. He mumbled something about having to go check in on his infirm nana, whom he took care of, but he promised to be back on the Hamlinson case just as soon as he was done.

"You got kids?" Cumia asked, a little suspiciously, as he was leaving.

Tiny Tim confessed that indeed he had three.

"Here, I want you to do something for me," Cumia said, and handed Tim a glass vial. "Take this home with you and have them spit in it. All three of them. Bring it with you next time you come to the precinct."

"But why?"

"It may be important to the case," Inspector Cumia said, and with that he disappeared into the evening crowd.

The following day Tiny Tim returned to the precinct with the vial in hand. Inspector Cumia was waiting for him and greeted him warmly, quietly tucking the vial away in a pocket. He said that he'd been busy tracking down Paul Weener, and believed he had an address.

"We're going to have to head over to his place and have a little chat with that fruit," Cumia said as they entered into an unmarked police car... I mean, an unmarked police buggy with unmarked horses.

As they drove, Cumia filled Tim in on what he knew about Paul Weener's relationship with Patrick. Apparently, Weener had been a close friend of Patrick's since his childhood. Back when Paul was 26 and Patrick 10, the two men had been well-known for participating in some less than legal activities. It turned out that a former police chief had even written a pamphlet about it called Boys Beware. However, no one had ever been able to pin anything on either of them before now, except for all the numerous child rapes.

When they arrived at Paul's house, Cumia knocked warily on the door and Tiny Tim took up a position behind him. After several raps an exhausted looking man answered. It was clear that Paul had been up late into the night—but not partying or having a good time—instead his eyes were clouded with worry and fear.

"Oh, you again!" he shouted at the top of his lungs. "Aaaah! AAAAARGH! FUUUUCK!"

When asked why he was so upset, he revealed that Patrick Hamlinson had contacted him recently asking for money—which wasn't all that strange—but what was strange was how much money Patrick wanted; more than usual, and more than Paul could afford.

"Anyway, I told him I'm leaving town. I can't spare anything right now."

"Oh, where are you going?" Cumia asked.

"The Orient, actually," Paul said. "They have uh, great beaches."

"How did he take it?"

"He got mad. He kept calling me a child, and saying that if I ever wrote to him again it would be felony postal harassment! Like, what does that

even mean?"

"Sounds like some libtard faggot bullshit to me," Cumia agreed.

Tiny Tim was getting impatient. "Where can we find Patrick right now, Mr. Weener?"

"That's a good question. Last I heard, he was looking for a job in the city. He said something about going to this rundown place called 'Hooligan's' down near the docks."

Tiny Tim muffled a gasp. The very pub where he had last seen Scrooge!

Cumia and Tiny Tim thanked Paul for his help and set off for Hooligan's Super Pub. On the way, Cumia explained that he knew about the place, and it was owned by some high-up gangsters from the soup mob.

"They run the soup game in this city, have for years," Inspector Cumia said. "You can't order a cup of noodle without them getting a piece."

When they arrived, they were greeted by a large bouncer who looked them up and down before allowing them entry. Inside, Tiny Tim immediately spotted Patrick sitting at the bar. Pages and pages of parchment were spread out before him, and a fountain pen was gripped in one sweaty palm. He was chatting with a barmaid, smiling and joking. The poor girl looked bored to death.

Tiny Tim felt rage built up in him. Here was the man he'd seen murder his old friend, having a grand old time in a bar with the lowest-price soup in town! And he was fat, too.

Somehow he got hold of himself before hobbling directly to Patrick. He thought a cool head would serve him best in this situation.

"What do we do?" he asked Inspector Cumia.

"Dunno," Cumia said, and shrugged.

Tiny Tim took the lead, stumping across the sawdust-covered floor to stand beside Patrick. The tubby criminal glanced over at him when he felt

his presence and seemed to smile knowingly.

"Ah, you see, Tess?" he said to the chunky, disinterested bartender. "A local youth approaches me, undoubtedly a fan of one of my literary masterpieces. No, child, you cannot have my autograph. It's far too valuable to give away for free."

"I'm not here for your books, Mister Hamlinson," Tiny Tim said carefully. "I'm here to ask you about Ebenezer Scrooge."

Patrick's face twisted into a fat red scowl and he took on an air of affronted indignation. The springy bob of hair on his head bounced up and down. "I don't know what you're talking about," he snapped. "I have never heard of such a person, nor do I care to. Now if you'll excuse me, I must be on my way." He shuffled his papers and gathered them back into a neat pile before standing up and making his way out of the bar without another word.

Inspector Cumia was exasperated. "Well that didn't go so well!" But Tiny Tim was not deterred; he was convinced that Patrick had something to hide and demanded that they follow him. The two set off in pursuit, leaving the pub in their dust as they raced through the winding alleyways of the city. They soon found themselves in a shady part of town, with no sign of Patrick Hamlinson anywhere to be seen. It looked like he had given them the slip again, but then Tiny Tim spotted a suspicious figure ahead; one who stood out from the crowd due to his size and pudgy features. Sure enough, it was Patrick Hamlinson!

Tiny Tim quickly moved closer while Inspector Cumia hung back in case things got too heated. When Tiny Tim approached Patrick, the criminal just laughed haughtily; obviously thinking there was nothing this small, crippled man could do to him! So Tiny Tim launched into full interrogation mode: "I want to know about Ebenezer Scrooge, Fatri- I mean, Patrick! We KNOW you're lying!"

Patrick's smugness quickly turned to fear as he realized that he had been found out. His face was pale and eyes wide as he stammered out his confession: "Yes, yes I know him! He is an old friend of mine from years ago. We were very close until something happened which changed everything..."

He went on to tell Tiny Tim and Inspector Cumia about a debt owed between them—one which Ebenezer refused to pay. When Patrick confronted him about it, the two had a physical altercation during which things got out of hand and Patrick ended up killing his old friend in a fit of rage.

Tiny Tim stayed quiet. Having witnessed the murder, he knew Patrick was being gay with the truth, but he decided to let him dig his own grave for now, confident that Inspector Joe Cumia would sniff it out.

"Well, accidents happen, I guess," Inspector Cumia said. "Who's up for some dinner?"

"Me!" Patrick said.

"No! We have to arrest him! He's a murderer!" Tiny Tim shouted.

Tim knew they had their man. All they needed now was to take Patrick in for questioning. But just then, Patrick seemed to realize what was going on and started to make a run for it! Tiny Tim shouted after him, "Wait! Patrick, wait!"

But it was too late; Patrick had disappeared into the night like a whiff of smoke. Furious at almost losing their suspect again, Inspector Cumia suggested they split up in order to cover more ground and try to track down the slippery criminal before it was too late.

Tiny Tim set off toward the harbor; having heard rumors that Patrick frequented this area often since he liked to eat raw fish out of the sea. After searching for what felt like hours around the foggy harbor, he finally

spotted a shadowy, portly figure walking along the quay with a sly smile playing across his lips - obviously thinking he had gotten away.

Tim charged as fast as a crip can hobble, but as he drew closer he saw he'd been mistaken. The man he'd come across was certainly fat, but not Patrick fat. He was dressed as a longshoreman, and had an enormous triple chin and a beak of a nose. His smile was so vacant it put a chill in Tiny Tim's blood.

"Oh- excuse me," he began.

The enormous man reached for him.

Chapter 9

Disaster Averted. A Visit from Dad.



TINY TIM FELT HIS HEART IN HIS THROAT. He tried to run away, but the man's grip was too strong—he couldn't even move! He tried shouting for help, but no one seemed close enough to hear him. The man didn't say a word; he just smiled vacantly and kept a firm grip on Tiny Tim's arm.

Tiny Tim was scared, but he knew that if he wanted to escape this situation alive, he had to think fast and act even faster. In one swift motion, he pulled up his crutch and swung it with all his strength into the man's gut.

"Uh-uh-uh owwwww," the man said in an impossibly high and stuttering girlish voice.

The big ogre made an oof sound and staggered back slightly, loosening his grip on Tiny Tim's arm just enough for him to break free. Knowing he now had only seconds before the man regained control of the situation, Tiny Tim began sprinting away as fast as his one non-dead leg could carry him—not looking back until he reached safety several blocks away.

He finally stopped at a nearby church where a kindly old priest named Father Doris offered him sanctuary from his pursuer. With great relief, Tiny Tim accepted and collapsed onto a pew in exhaustion, still trembling from what had almost been his fate...

Father Doris asked Tim for a description of the man, and when he gave it his face grew grave. "I know the man," he said. "Big Andrew. He walks the streets at night, looking for young women to bring to his wicked master, Count Antolini. Never heard of him attacking a man before, but you are rather small, perhaps he mistook you. You are very lucky to be alive, I'd say. Few who enter the Count's compound ever come out alive."

The priest looked sympathetically at Tiny Tim. It turned out he was a former MMA champion and wedding dance instructor, and offered to teach Tim some self-defense techniques, in case he was attacked again. He started with the basics—how to properly block an attack, how to use his size and crutch to his advantage—then moved on to more advanced techniques such as evasion tactics and counter-attack maneuvers.

For the next ten minutes, Father Doris taught Tiny Tim vital skills such as how to use the element of surprise against a larger opponent, the importance of using strategic footwork in order to create openings for attacks, and even showed him some judo throws which could be used to hurl away a bigger foe.

By the time they had finished their training session, Tiny Tim was confident that he could protect himself if he ever found himself alone with Big Andrew again. The priest cautioned him that no matter how well trained he was in self-defense, it was always best not to find himself in these types of situations in the first place. With renewed confidence, Tiny Tim thanked the priest for all his help and set off back home knowing that this knowledge would put him one step ahead of anyone who dared threaten him again.

It was very late by the time Tim finally got home. To his surprise he saw a man in a worn tweed jacket lurking by his front door. Thinking it was another of Patrick's goons, he assumed a fighting stance, but the man

looked startled, and spoke to him quickly in a ridiculously over-the-top Cockney accent.

"Cor blimey, you gave us guff, you did, fer us givin' 'im a spot ov bother, innit? 'e di'int want to giz us hide nor hair like. Chim-chimeree, chim-chimeree, chim-chimeree, I says, I do."

Tiny Tim halted in his tracks. There was only one man who had spoken that way. "F-f-father?"

"Aye, it's me, sure it is."

"But Father, you were killed by street gypsies, I mean, refugees."

The spirit halted, looked confused. "Was I? By a pack of gyppos, says you?"

He took an uncertain step forward, and now that Tiny Tim could see him in the dim glow of lamplight, he realized two things. One, it was undoubtedly his father, the late Bob Cratchit, complete with an empty eye socket where the Tunisian knife fighter had scooped it out, and two, he could see right through him. He looked upon his father, saw him, and he saw also the wall of the house behind him.

"No matter," Bob Cratchit said after a moment's reflection. "I'm sure it weren't his fault, lad. Them gyppos don't know better, not to go around scoopin' eyes out. Its only me Cockney privilege wots gave me the rights to look down on them dusky lot."

"Oh, Father!" Tiny Tim exclaimed. "It *is* you! I'm so happy to see you again!"

"Right, lad, but there's no time for no blubberin'. No time't all. I gots me a message for you, so I do."

"A message?" He couldn't imagine who might summon his father's spirit to carry a message. Unless it was.... "From Scrooge?"

“Aye, so it is, so it is. Old Mr. Scroogenbaum, as is his proper name. He says, erm...” The spirit’s face seemed to fold in on itself in a look of consternation. “He says, ‘be careful around the policeman.’”

“Inspector Cumia? But he’s been helpin-”

“He also says, ‘dagos aren’t of the white race, lad, and not to be trusted.’”

Tiny Tim frowned, uncomfortable with this troubling but undeniably true piece of information. “Well, if Mr. Scrooge says so. I’ll be wary, Father. You’ll tell him that, won’t you?”

“Aye, Tiny Tim, tell him I will, and more’s the happier will I be. I can’t stay though, me boy. My time’s running up.... Did your mother remarry?”

“Yes, Father!” Tiny Tim said. “A nice and well-off slave merchant named Mr. Adebaye. She’s ever so happy now.”

“I... see...” Bob Cratchit said glumly. He was fading fast. As Tiny Tim watched, he grew ever more transparent until he was scarcely visible at all. “Well then, here I go!” he said. “Good bye, me wee, lame boy! Don’t trust your wife!”

“Good bye, Father!”

Tiny Tim watched him go with tears brimming in his eyes. Then he went inside, hit the opium pipe for awhile, and got a good night’s rest. The next morning, he woke up, more resolved than ever to track down the fat murderer Patrick S. Hamlinson aka @stealthygeek.

Chapter 10

The Message. A Convention. Tiny Tim Investigates.



AFTER BREAKFAST THERE WAS A KNOCK on Tim's door. A courier from the police handed him a note. It said **MEET ME AT GLOBE THEATER, URGENT! HAMILINSON LOCATED! - J. CUMIA.**

Tiny Tim set off at once. He had heard there was some kind of convention going on at The Globe this week. Something about writers and fans of penny novels. Perhaps such a venue might indeed appeal to the world's fattest bad writer.

Arriving at the theater, Tiny Tim bought a ticket and went inside. The old Shakespeare stage had been decked out with crude drawings of aliens from outer space and wild west cowboys. Ugly, obese people were milling about everywhere in ridiculous costumes. He did not immediately see Inspector Cumia.

Tiny Tim wandered around for awhile, watching with wide-eyed amazement at a band of Sherlock Holmes cosplayers laughed with fat Jane Eyre and a pimple-faced Captain Nemo. After a while he saw a door with a banner hanging over it. It read, THIS WAY TO FRANKENSTEIN'S MONSTER EXHIBIT, and he went inside.

Through the door was a recreation of Doctor Frankenstein's life-creation machine, with weird loopy electrical prongs everywhere and big mechanical gearing. In the center of the room was a table with a sheet-covered body laying on it. He saw Inspector Cumia, leaning over the body curiously.

"Well, there you are, Inspector," Tiny Tim said, coming up behind him.

Cumia turned around. "Tiny Tim, this better be important," he said, grumpily. "I don't like to spend time in liberal degenerate fuck parties."

Tim stared at him. "What do you mean? You sent me a message to meet you here. It said Hamlinson was located."

"I didn't send any note," Cumia said. "I got one from you, though. It said the same thing."

"A trap!" Tiny Tim exclaimed.

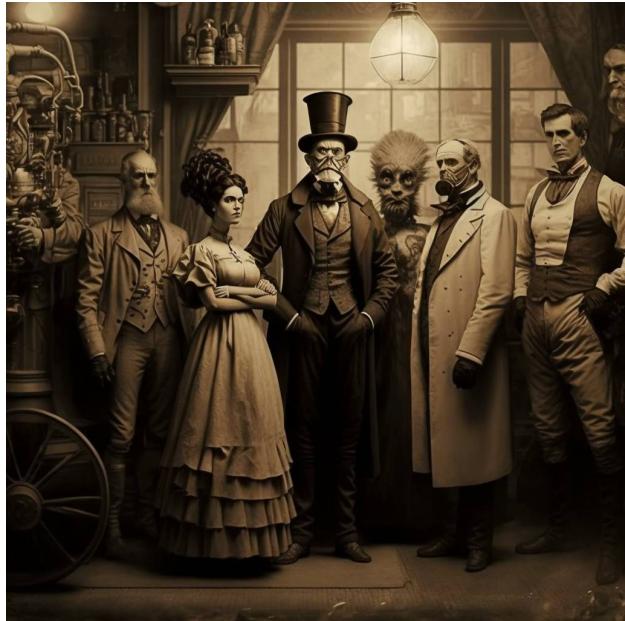
"Yes, indeed," a voice, high and reedy, announced, and suddenly the shrouded body stirred. Tim and Cumia jumped. Whoever lay under the sheet was slowly sitting up!

The sheet fell away. A mousy old lesbian stared at them through thick glasses.

"Gentlemen, my name is Lady Catalina Sambo, and your meddling ends... right now!"

Chapter 11

A Trap. Battle with the Supermutants. Prisoners of the S.F.W.A.



THE OLD DYKE SLOWLY ROSE INTO A CROUCH atop the table. "We of the SFWA didn't write all that garbage to have it be destroyed by a cripple and a bumbling cop," she said. Her breath smelled like old tuna. "I'm afraid your meddling ends... right now!"

"You already said that," Tiny Tim said impatiently. "What the hell's the SFWA?"

"The Society for Faggot Women AIDS, of course. We are a collective of literary geniuses and bug chasers," Cat Sambo hissed. "Patrick S. Hamlinson, or @stealthygeek as you may know him, is one of our rising stars, and you won't touch him. I'm afraid your meddling ends... right now!"

"That's enough, 'lady,'" Cumia barked. He produced a revolver and lowered it at her. "I don't know who you fruitcakes think you are, but I'm a police officer and a minstrel show accordionist, and I'm not here to be pushed around!"

Sambo chortled laughter, and the door behind them swung shut with a loud clatter. Cumia and Tiny Tim looked around and saw dozens of human freakshows stepping from behind the Frankenstein equipment.

"Yes, we're all here!" Sambo shouted. "You can't kill us all, Inspector! I'm afraid your meddling ends... right now!"

The human freakshows, clad in top hats and ruffled shirts, pounced on the duo. One of them knocked away Inspector Cumia's pistol before he could aim, and his shot went wild. They overpowered the two men, apprehending them and taking them to a secret hideout located deep in the sewers of London. Also one of them shoved Tiny Tim's crutch about six inches up his weird cripple butt hole.

Once at the hideout, Tiny Tim and Inspector Cumia were thrown into a dark cell covered in cobwebs. The walls were damp and slimy with moss and mold, while an eerie green light illuminated their grim prison. On either side of them were other prisoners who had disappeared one by one over time, never to be heard from again.

The freakshow ringleader then came into the cell with a sadistic smirk on her face. "Welcome to your new home," she said mockingly. "You will stay here until we decide what to do with you. I'm sure it won't be too comfortable." With that, she cackled her signature laugh before locking up their cell and leaving with her posse of oddities.

Tiny Tim and Inspector Cumia knew they were in deep trouble now—trapped in this secret hideout for potentially days or even weeks with no way out, whilst Lady Sambo's twisted mind plotted their demise...

It was clear that the SFWA had much more influence than they'd ever imagined. Sambo had been serious when she'd said, "Your meddling ends... right now!" eight hundred times. But it seemed that wouldn't be so easy now that they'd been caught in her trap!

While Tiny Tim worked on extracting his crutch from his rectum, Inspector Cumia paced the walls of their cell. Other than the main door,

which the SFWA freaks had locked behind them, the only egress appeared to be a manhole opening, but it was easily twenty feet over their heads.

It seemed things were hopeless, but they had to find a way to escape!

Then, to their surprise, Tiny Tim noticed a small mouse scurrying across the floor. He called Inspector Cumia over and pointed it out. The mouse seemed to be headed somewhere in particular, so they decided to follow it.

The mouse led them along the wall until they reached a spot where the moss seemed different—lighter in color, with little flecks of gold glittering underneath. When they brushed away some of the moss, they discovered a hidden door! With hope renewed in their hearts, Inspector Cumia and kicked open the door.

To their amazement, an entire secret passageway lay beyond! Inside were all sorts of weapons and supplies—an arsenal of swords and muskets, boxes of ammunition and gunpowder, barrels full of food and medicine. It was as if this secret refuge had been waiting for them all along!

Inspector Cumia quickly grabbed two pistols from within. Then he started down the passage but paused when he realized Tiny Tim was not following.

He turned back, and saw Tim examining a wooden cane. He suddenly twisted the handle and a sword blade emerged from the casing. Tim tossed away his shit-and-blood-caked crutch and leaned on the cane experimentally, then nodded to himself.

"Come on," Inspector Cumia hissed. "This is the way out!"

"No," Tiny Tim said. "You go, Inspector. The SFWA fucked with the wrong differently-abled man. They can't get away with this another day. We have to formally shut down the Society for Faggot Women AIDS."

Joe Cumia nodded grimly and cocked the two revolvers. "You're right, kid," he said. "It's Christmas time, so maybe we should call tonight... A

Christmas Massacre."

They forged ahead, through twists and turns of the secret passageway until eventually reaching a back entrance to the hideout. Inspector Cumia peeked out the door, and sure enough, there were the SFWA freaks—all lined up before them with smirks on their faces, ready for battle!

Inspector Cumia and Tiny Tim emerged from the shadows, weapons raised. A tense silence hovered in the air as they confronted each other in a stand-off. The SFWA freaks were clearly surprised by their sudden appearance—but it was clear that they weren't going down without a fight!

The first shots rang out, shattering the silence. Inspector Cumia fired at will while dodging enemy bullets. The SFWA freaks fought fiercely and tried to overwhelm them with sheer numbers and venereal diseases, but they were no match for Joe and Tim's courage, skill, and teamwork.

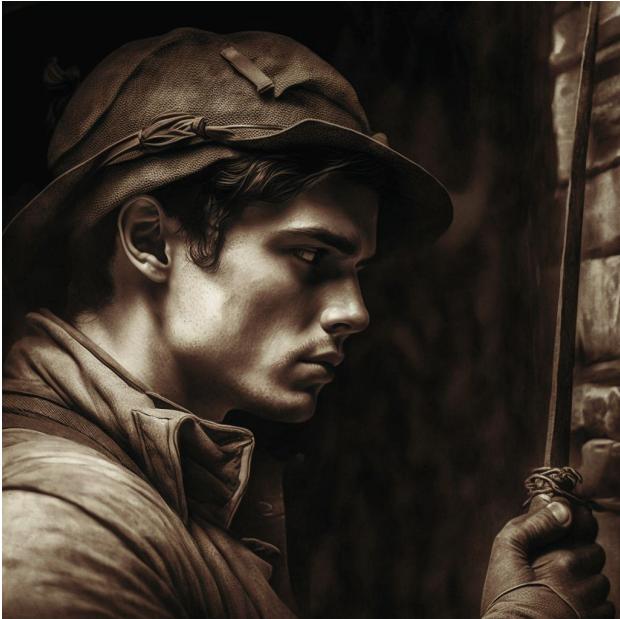
After what felt like hours of relentless fighting, Inspector Cumia finally delivered a devastating blow that sent several of Sambo's posse flying into submission. With their last bit of strength left between them, he and Tiny Tim stood alone among a pile of blue-haired fat bodies.

Standing back to back like on some kind of horrible movie poster, Cumia's gun raised to the ceiling and Tiny Tim's sword cane up raised, the two waited, panting. Finally they heard the distant sound of a slow clap.

Then from the darkness Lady Catalina Sambo cackled.

Chapter 12

Showdown. Three Old Bags. The Taming of the Ew.



"BRAVO, BRAVO," SHE SAID. "You two have done quite a job. Very impressive."

She stepped forward, eyes gleaming with dark amusement.

"Unfortunately, you've failed in one very crucial way. If you want to bring me to justice, you must defeat me first!" She pulled a pair of weapons from behind her back—a bullwhip in one hand, a rapier in the other. Then she bobbed her head and two of her best goons stepped forward to flank her. One was a bitch-faced old lady wearing an Air Force flight suit. The other was a frumpy-haired mess with glasses. Both of them were wielding machetes.

Inspector Cumia recognized them. "That's Laura Snitch and Gary-Robinette. They're both wanted on various charges of buggery with horses," he muttered to Tiny Tim.

"Face us, you faggots!" Cat Sambo demanded.

"Fine," Cumia snapped, and lowered his two pistols. They clicked on two empty chambers.

"Oh, shit," Tiny Tim said.

"Don't worry," Inspector Cumia said calmly. "We still have a chance."

He stepped forward boldly, and held out his hand to Tim.

"Give me your sword cane, kid," he said.

Tiny Tim stared at him for a beat, then slowly extended the cane towards the inspector. The two gripped it tightly in their hands, and faced Catalina Sambo and her two bodyguards head-on in the center of the hall.

They prepared to fight, the inspector and Tiny Tim both knowing that this was their last chance. They used the sword cane and their wits to fight their opponents, slashing and parrying with each lunge of the blade. The old lady and Gary-Robinette lunged forward with murderous intent, but they were no match for Inspector Cumia's agility or Tim's courage as they deftly avoided every blow.

Their swords locked together in a tight struggle until finally, with an expert flick of his wrist, Inspector Cumia managed to disarm Laura Snitch. Gary-Robinette then realized she was outnumbered and quickly ducked behind Cat Sambo for protection.

It was down to just three now—Catalina Sambo and Inspector Cumia and Tiny Tim.

Tim looked at his partner and nodded in encouragement, charging ahead into battle against the criminal mastermind. She fought ferociously with her whip, but Cumia easily blocked each strike with his sword cane while dodging Laura Snitch's swinging machete from behind him.

Finally, after several minutes of intense fighting, he landed a powerful thrust on Sambo's rapier that sent it clattering across the ground. With one last spin of the sword cane, he knocked her off balance and pinned her to the floor beneath him. She let out a startled gasp as he leaned in close so she could see his face clearly.

"You have been defeated! I am arresting you for numerous counts of robbery, theft, and assault on innocent citizens," he said sternly.

"Never!" Cat Sambo shrieked, and threw herself on Inspector Cumia's exposed blade.

As she coughed her last breath, Gary-Robinette fled the room. Laura Snitch dropped her machete and fell to her knees.

"Please, no!" she begged. "I'll... I'll tell you whatever you want to know!"

"Where's Hamlinson?" Tiny Tim demanded. "Tell us, or we'll rape you."

"What?" Inspector Cumia looked ill.

"Okay, okay. Patrick is... Patrick was the handsomest, smartest boy I ever knew. I would do anything for him. But if it means my life I will tell you where he has been hiding."

"Go on," Cumia said, wiping gore off the sword cane on Cat Sambo's bloated corpse.

"He has a hidden lair inside Big Ben," she said. "We all told him he was mad, MAD for building a half-hovel inside a giant clock, but he only said 'No, child, it won't be too loud. I won't lose my mind from the consant bonging.'"

"Oh, Patrick, my dear, sweet, Patrick," Laura Snitch bawled. "Why, WHY must it end this way?"

Inspector Cumia was motionless. He had heard enough. With a loud voice, he announced, "Laura Snitch, you are under arrest for crimes against the state. You will be taken back to the police station for questioning."

He then led Laura away from the scene, with Tiny Tim closely following behind. Although exhausted from battle, Inspector Cumia and Tiny Tim were both proud of their victory and knew that justice had been served on this fateful night.

On the street, a pair of police officers were somehow waiting. Cumia handed Snitch over to them with instructions to throw her in a cell until he

had time to question her. He turned to Tiny Tim.

"Well, you may be a flaming libtard snowflake, Tiny Tim.... but I'm proud to call you.... partner."

"Yeah, thanks I guess," Tiny Tim said. "Should we go on to Big Ben, and end this now?"

"Yeah, okay," Joe said.

What they both expected to be a short trip, however, ended up as an all-night disaster.

Chapter 13

Waylaid.



BIG BEN SHONE IN THE DISTANCE AS INSPECTOR CUMIA and Tiny Tim made their way through the busy dusk streets of London. They were passing through a crowded Christmas market when a flat-nosed Ethiope dressed in ill-fitting livery stepped in their path.

"Pardon me, gentlemen," he said, smiling with giant gaps in his teeth.

"Hello nigger boy," Inspector Cumia said politely. "What can I do for you?"

"My name is Oogabooga Donald, but you may call me Oglachrathius Majoobie Donaldo Lumpopop Hamobop. I have instructions to bring you to my master in a dark, vacant alley down the street. He has information about your investigation, but wishes to remain anonymous."

The inspector was intrigued by this mysterious offer and agreed to follow Oogabooga down the crowded street. As people hustled about, a chill wind blew through the streets, causing everyone to huddle in their coats.

Oogabooga Donald led them down an alleyway that seemed to grow narrower with each step they took. It seemed as if the walls were closing in on them, growing taller and taller until finally they reached a dead end. He motioned for them to be quiet as a shadowy figure appeared at the far end

of the alleyway. He stepped forward, shrouded in darkness and wearing a hooded cloak. This mysterious figure motioned for them to come closer, signaling that he had something important to discuss with Inspector Cumia and Tiny Tim. As they stepped closer towards him, they noticed two large suitcases at his feet - presumably filled with valuable information regarding their case. They knew this could be their one chance at solving this deadly mystery once and for all....

"H-h-h-h hello," the shadowy figure said, in a girlish voice that sent a chill down Tiny Tim's spine. It was Big Andrew, evil henchman of Count Antolini.

"Run!" Tim shouted, but Joe only blinked cowlike at him. Tim tried to stagger on the sword cane out of the alley, but Oogabooga Donald kicked it out of his hands and he went sprawling.

"Y-y-y-you're c-c-c-c-coming with us!" Andrew stuttered.

Before the burlap sack went over his head, Tiny Tim tried to scream, but then he found himself stuffed inside one of the two suitcases. It seemed they would now be prisoners of the wicked Count Antolini!

Chapter 14

You Gotta Do What You Gotta Do.



WHEN TINY TIM WOKE UP, WATER WAS PLOPPING on his head and the air smelled like wet nigger farts. He opened his eyes and found he was in an empty, damp cell. Through the bars he could see a short hallway lit by hanging lanterns. Big Andrew stood on the other side, smiling down at him.

"Wh-where am I?" Tiny Tim managed.

Big Andrew's grin broadened. "C-C-C-Count says I can h-h-h-have you when he's d-d-d-d-d-d-d-d-done. You got a n-n-n-n-nice round ass."

"Oh, thank you," Tiny Tim said, blushing.

Big Andrew remained staring at him silently for a few more minutes. Suddenly, a loud, cantankerous voice that sounded like maybe it was pretty good at impressions screamed out from somewhere down the corridor. "ANDREW! I NEED MY PILLS, ANDREW!"

"C-C-C-C-C-COMING," Big Andrew said quietly. Then he blew a kiss at Tiny Tim before lumbering back up the hallway.

Tiny Tim was relieved to be alone, but he couldn't help but feel a pang of sadness at the thought of being left alone. Big Andrew had seemed so kind and gentle in his own strange way. Perhaps he should try to talk to him one

more time before he left—after all, you never knew when you would need an ally in this forsaken place.

He gathered up what little courage he had and knocked gently on the bars of his cell door. "Big Andrew," he called out softly. "It's me, Tiny Tim."

A few moments later, Big Andrew returned, a look of surprise on his face. He paused for a moment, then stepped closer and peered inside the cell with curious eyes.

"Yes?" he asked politely.

"I just wanted to thank you for being so nice," Tiny Tim said earnestly. "You didn't have to be so gentle with me... I know we're supposed to be enemies."

Big Andrew smiled sadly and shook his head. "N-n-no... I c-c-can't help but admire y-y-you," he said quietly. "Y-y-you've got s-s-such courage for someone so small... It's very impressive."

Tiny Tim felt himself blushing again as Big Andrew spoke, something he hadn't done since childhood days of long ago. He smiled back shyly before glancing away awkwardly towards the ground below them both. There was nothing more either could say—it was too late now anyway; they both knew where their paths would soon lead.

"Where's Inspector Cumia?" he asked.

"B-b-b-b-brother Joe's having his dinner," Big Andrew said, and ambled off again.

"Having dinner....? Brother?" Tiny Tim said aloud, perplexed. Was Count Antolini giving his friend a nice meal before an execution, or something to that effect?

"Yeah, he's the Count's brother," a bored, sleepy voice said to Tim's left. He turned quickly and saw a frumpy girl with short dark hair and a pair of

cum-crusted sunglasses perched on her forehead. She was in the adjacent cell, leaning against the bars.

"Who are you?" Tiny Tim asked.

"Rikki, Rikki Robinson," she said. "I've been held here for six months. Big Andrew thought I was twelve years old in the dark, and grabbed me by mistake. Rather than kill me, the Count put me to work managing his town crier presence. That's my business, Screams by Queens. I make sure whatever they have to announce about the Count always has a positive spin."

"You do all that from this cell?"

"Yeah," Rikki said. "It's a living. And it beats my old life anyway. I used to live in a half-hovel with my husband, before he went crazy. He was this horrible writer who was always at war with someone or other. If I hadn't been abducted I'd probably still be there, xanaxed to the gills and drinking eight glasses of wine before bed each night."

"Wait," Tiny Tim said, "was your husband Patrick Hamlinson?"

"Yeah—you know him?"

"I've been searching for him," Tiny Tim said. "He killed my friend Ebenezer Scrooge. Me and Inspector Cumia have been trying to bring him to justice."

"Oh, I'm not really surprised. Patrick has been out of his fat head since he first discovered the Letters to the Editor section. But Joe Cumia's double-crossed you. He may wear a police badge, but his soul belongs to his brother, the Count."

"No way," Tiny Tim said. "Inspector Cumia would never betray me."

"You don't want to believe it, but it's true. The Count has been manipulating his brother from the shadows since he first arrived in town. He bought him off with promises of fame and fortune, supplying him with

child spit and money to keep his mouth shut about any secrets that could potentially incriminate the family."

"I don't get why he cares about the Scrooge murder, or Patrick. Like, why abduct me? What do I have to do with anything?"

"Listen, Patrick may have been a poor writer before, but he's definitely down for whatever shady stuff the Count has up his sleeve," Rikki said. "I've seen a couple of Patrick's manuscripts around the compound. I think the Count has been getting him published in exchange for Patrick doing his bidding. If you're telling me Patrick murdered Scrooge, I bet it was on Count Antolini's orders. I believe the Antolini family had borrowed a lot of money from Scrooge Enterprises, even though there's no way I could possibly know that."

"This is so convoluted and shitty," Tiny Tim said. "I feel like I'm in one of your ex-husband's novels."

"Yes, we just need more pop culture allusions," Rikki said, and sighed. "But listen—if you can get me out of here, I'll help you any way I can. I'll help you defeat Antolini and his brother, and bring down Patrick too."

"Well, I don't know how I can help you when we're both locked in cells," Tiny Tim said glumly.

"Big Andrew," Rikki said. "He's got the keys, and he's real sweet on you."

"Oh fuckin' yuck," Tiny Tim said.

"Yeah."

Minutes passed and they heard raucous laughter from down the corridor. The Count was ranting about minorities and Scotland Yard crime statistics. Other voices laughed and applauded for no reason. Finally they heard the heavy tread of Big Andrew lumbering back to the cells.

"Hello, Andrew," Tiny Tim said seductively.

"Oh, h-h-h-h-hi," Big Andrew said, and waved girlishly.

"Why don't you come over here and unbuckle that belt with all the keys on it, big guy," Tim said. "I'll uh, I'll..."

"B-b-b-b-blow me?" Big Andrew said with a flush.

"Okay. I guess."

Big Andrew moved into position on the other side of the cell. He undid his belt and his dirty pants fell to the floor. A big huge fawkin retard pecker rolled out to his knees. It started to twitch.

"Oh, god," Tiny Tim said.

But it was too late. He had already made the deal. He had no choice but to give Big Andrew what he wanted if he ever wanted to leave this cell. He took a deep breath and steeled himself for the task ahead.

He started off slowly, gently licking and caressing the huge member before him, savoring every inch of its engorged flesh like a succulent piece of fruit. His tongue darted around like a snake, exploring each crevice and contour as Big Andrew gasped with pleasure. Tiny Tim applied more pressure with his tongue, eliciting further moans from the big guy. It felt good in a way—empowering even—that he could make someone feel so good just by using his tongue.

He kept going until Big Andrew finally reached his climax with an ecstatic roar that shook the walls of their prison cell. Afterward, Big Andrew stood up straight. Somehow he looked more composed now, and when he spoke his voice was lower pitched, and his stutter was gone.

"My god," he said, in a voice like famous London minstrel Dan Soaper. "All these years, and that was all I needed. A hummer from a cripple."

"All right, you're welcome," Tiny Tim said, trying desperately to wipe Big Andrew's big sticky load off his face.

"Here are your keys, buddy," Big Andrew said, handing them through the bars. "I'm getting out of here and losing some weight. My days as a gross deformed henchman are over."

Big Andrew stumbled away while Tiny Tim watched him go with a feeling of accomplishment mixed with disdain at what he had been forced to do just to be free again.

But whatever. Now he had the keys. He unlocked his own cell, and then Rikki Robinson's. She wouldn't look at him at first, but eventually loosened up.

"Listen," she said. "Count Antolini's banquet hall is at the end of this corridor. We'll have to go through there to get out of here. How do you want to handle this?"

"First, we deal with the Count, and Cumia, and whoever else is in there," Tiny Tim said grimly. "Then, you help me find Hamlinson."

"My pleasure," Rikki said, and adjusted the dirty sunglasses on her weird big forehead.

Chapter 15

In the Court of the Tunisian Prince. Battle for the Planet of the Apes. Exiled.



TINY TIM AND RIKKI CREPT DOWN THE CORRIDOR, making sure to keep their movements as quiet as possible. They could hear the clinking of glasses and laughter from inside. The Count was having a raucous time with his henchmen.

They reached the door and heard someone shout out, "Let's get this party started! Hahaha, ho-lee shit!"

"Okay," Tiny Tim said. "It's now or never." And he pushed open the door. It swung open with a loud creak.

On the other side they saw a large banquet hall with a table decked out in all types of pizzas and Chinese food cartons. The Count sat at the center spot, a crater-faced Arab wearing multiple silk tunics. Inspector Cumia sat to his left and a bearded, glasses-wearing faggot to his right. The three were watching a short and squat court jester stumble drunkenly about before them, continually falling down and then picking himself back up again.

"Hahaha, ho-lee shit!" the Count exclaimed, laughing uproariously for no real reason. On cue, Cumia and beardo joined in. "Lobo, you're falling all over the place! You drank too much, Lobo!"

Lobo, the jester, shook his head in a violent retard sort of way. "No, no I didn't have too much. I slipped on a banana peel, awlright!"

"Now, Lobo," the Count admonished, taking a swig from a goblet.
"Don't lie to me!"

"No, no, I'm not loying!" Lobo insisted.

The three revelers cackled more laughter at this.

"The guy with the beard is his chief of security, Fagan McGinnes," Nikki muttered to Tiny Tim.

"Ugh, an Irisher?" Tiny Tim had seen enough. He stepped forward.
"Count Antolini," he said. "I think it's time you went back to your native Tunisia."

"Hahahaha, holee shit!" The Count pounded the table with delight. "The prisoners got out! You niggers will never catch Patrick Hamlinson!"

"The only nigger in this room is you," Tiny Tim said sternly. "You, and all other Christless Tunisians. Like, I guess, your brother."

But the Count only seemed to find this amusing. "You know what? Bit idea: Lobo, go get them!"

"Me?" Lobo gulped. He started towards Tiny Tim and Rikki, an apprehensive but determined look washing over his dumb vaguely ethnic face, but Tiny Tim freed his sword cane, and Lobo jumped and fell flat on his back. His head bumped off the tile floor and he didn't get up again.

"Awwwwl right!" the Count said, still with way too much energy for no reason. "Fagan, you handle them."

Fagan McGinness stood up from the table then and clapped his hands. A door on the far end of the banquet hall slid open and twenty dirty and fat men stepped forward, most of them with fat guy beards, and wearing ill-fitting black polos and too-large khaki pants.

"Oh, damn," Rikki said. "Those are the Fat Boys, Fagan's personal bodyguards."

The fattest Fat Boy stepped forward. "We come to venerate the entrepreneur!" he proclaimed. "We come to honor the housewife! Ooooh ooo uhuru!"

"Kill them," Fagan said, indicating Tim and Rikki. "My wife is an Injun."

Tiny Tim and Rikki assumed fighting stances as the wave of gelatinous fatbodies swarmed towards them.

The twenty Fat Boys plodded forward, coaxing one another into some bullshit tough guy rage. Tiny Tim darted in, his sword cane whirling in a vicious arc that struck the lead boy squarely in the face, sending him crashing to the ground. Rikki followed suit, fending off a flurry of punches and kicks with her own sharp reflexes. One by one, they cut through the line of attackers until only Fagan was left standing.

Fagan's eyes widened as he realized he was outnumbered two to one. He stumbled back towards the door but it was too late; Tiny Tim had already blocked his path. His sword-cane swung again and again, slashing deep into Fagan's chest and stomach until there was nothing left of him except a lifeless ragdoll on the ground.

The banquet hall fell silent as Tiny Tim and Rikki surveyed their handiwork. The bodies of twenty Fat Boys and Fagan lay strewn about them like rag dolls, blood staining their clothing and pooling on the marble floor beneath them. But despite this gruesome sight, Tiny Tim felt no remorse for what he had done; these men were thugs and virgins who deserved no mercy; he had shown them none.

Rikki stood beside him now, her face betraying nothing more than quiet determination as she stared at the carnage before them. The Count threw himself at Inspector Cumia for protection, shrieking and howling for his brother to defend him.

"I told you to go back to Tunisia," Tiny Tim said.

Lobo started to groan then, so Rikki walked over and stomped on his head until he was dead. "Not. Welcome. Here," she said with each stomp.

"Fine! Fine! I'll go!" the Count agreed, terrified. "Anything! Just let me live!"

"Your brother leaves too," Tiny Tim said.

"Fuck that, I ain't going," Cumia snarled.

"Then die with your brother, traitor!"

"Joe!" the Count shouted. "It'll be fine! I have a new compound under construction in the homeland anyway! We can start over! I heard there aren't any niggers there, either! You know it's only us 'white' people." He made air quotes as he spoke.

Reluctantly, for he was not one to run from a fight, Inspector Cumia agreed to go along with the Count's plan. Tiny Tim and Rikki watched as the two men packed their bags and readied themselves for the long journey back to Tunisia. Before they left, Rikki warned them sternly not to come back.

"You think you can this is the end of me?" The Count said defiantly. "Oh, no...we will be back! We have unfinished business here!" He then grabbed his brother by the arm and dragged him out of the banquet hall without another word.

"That's it, he's done," Tiny Tim said. "The wicked Count is gone, and his Fat Boys are no more."

"There's one more thing, though," Rikki said. "We still have to get Patrick."

"Oh, nooooo, my little ex-wife child!" called a voice from somewhere above them. "Oh nooooo, that's not what happens neeeexxxssst!"

Chapter 16

An Uneasy Truce. Goodbyes. Patrick Waddles Off.



PATRICK HAMLINSON WAS HOVERING IN THE RAFTERS above them. He had been there all along, dropping off his latest manuscript when he witnessed the fight between Tiny Tim and Rikki against the Count and his Fat Boys. He watched as Tiny Tim killed Fagan, and then as Rikki had delivered the fatal blow to Lobo, ending their lives once and for all.

Patrick was astonished by what he saw; he had never seen such a display of strength before.

He descended from the rafters to join them on the ground, though he stayed out of Tiny Tim's reach. "My little ex-wife child," he said with a touch of sarcasm, "You two have done something that no one else has ever done before! You've defeated a powerful criminal mastermind! Congratulations!"

Tiny Tim smiled, but couldn't help but feel uneasy at Patrick's presence. He knew that if anyone found out that they had killed twenty men, they would be brought to justice swiftly. "What do you want?" Tiny Tim asked warily.

Patrick simply held up both hands in surrender before handing him a stack of papers with some kind of writing upon them. "This is my latest

manuscript," he said solemnly, "It tells of your exploits here today—how you saved this city from a malevolent force." Patrick gestured to the bodies around them as if to emphasize his point.

"I plan on sending it off to be published in order to immortalize your heroic deeds," he continued. "It shall be my finest work ever, eclipsing even the double-digit sales of *The Ark*, which was about how I always wanted to eat two of every animal!"

"So, if people read about this battle, public opinion can be swayed," Tiny Tim said. "Is that what you're saying? We'll be off the hook for murdering half of London?"

"Yes, handicap child, exactly," Patrick preened fatly. "One look at this manuscript of mine and no court in the world will convict you! All I ask is that you let it go. The business between Scrooge and I was regrettable, but unavoidable, I'm afraid. The man was a Jew, after all."

"Yes," Tiny Tim admitted, "that's true. He was a Jew."

"What I'm proposing is, essentially, a truce. I will publish my book, and you will go back to your little lives. My one caveat is that you cease summoning the police to my residence. The constant raids on my home are unacceptable. My wife had one of those stupid bobby hats shoved in her face last time. Oh, and the fraudulent food orders, too. I've had unwanted fish and chips platters delivered three times this week alone, and was forced to eat them all."

"Sorry?" Tiny Tim didn't know what he was talking about. "I've never reported you to the police, outside of Scrooge's murder, and I've never ordered you food."

"Yes, child, you have," Patrick said, and gave him such an obstinate glare that Tiny Tim could only shrug.

But after a minute or two, Patrick stuck out his sweaty, gross hand and he shook it willingly enough.

"Then, if there's nothing else, I bid you farewell," Patrick said. "I'm retiring to the countryside with my third, fatter wife, Madame Swill, late of Tahiti. I think from now on rather than murder people and smugly discuss politics, I shall attempt the quiet life of a simple country scribe. I should like to write about horse maintenance. Tell me, what do you think of the pen name 'Cork Feeler?'"

"It sucks," Tiny Tim said.

"It really sucks, Patrick," Rikki said. "I'm so glad I left you."

"Nonetheless, children, Cork Feeler I shall be. If you need me, simply forget to feed your horses, and I shall be there with the obvious solutions. Until that day, adieu!"

As they watched, Patrick waddled fatly out of the banquet hall, his heavy steps thundering and cracking the tile floor.

"There goes a fat man," Tiny Tim said softly.

"Uh-huh," Rikki said. "As for me, I'm not sure what I'll do. It seems like I'm out of a job. Hey, I heard your beat up a gang of darkies earlier in this book, is that true?"

"Yeah."

"You think you could give me directions where they are?"

"Sure."

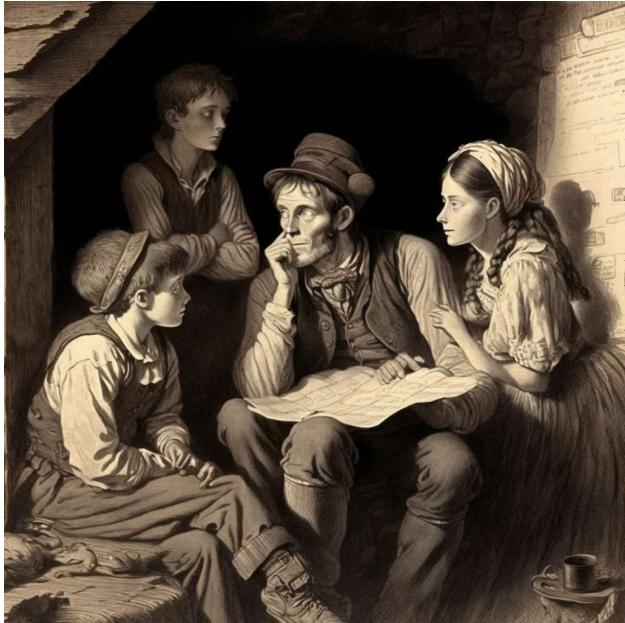
"Thanks," she said, and for the first time since he'd met her, Rikki Robinson had a glow. Dare he say it, she looked *alive*.

"What about you, Tiny Tim?" she asked him. "Where will you go?"

"I'm going home," Tiny Tim said.

Chapter 18

Homecoming. The Commonality of Language.



TINY TIM RETURNED HOME TO THE LOVING ARMS OF HIS FAMILY. His hot, big-titted wife had been worried sick and his three ugly kids were ecstatic to see their father return safe and sound. He recounted stories of his adventures as they enjoyed a pleasant evening together. They were amazed at all the courage it took him to face off against such powerful forces, and couldn't believe that he'd single-handedly managed to save London from the evils of Count Antolini and the ethnically ambiguous Fat Boy army.

The kids were especially excited when Tiny Tim told them about how he personally beat Lord Mayor Plump in a battle of wits without any help from any transsexuals whatsoever, and they gasped with astonishment over his description of his 100% solo fight against the legions of the Society for Faggot Women AIDS. When he came to the part about orally pleasuring the monstrous Big Andrew, they clapped and cheered with pride.

Tiny Tim's wife smiled fondly at him as she listened intently to every word he said about his amazing journey. She was grateful for having such a brave husband who would do whatever it took in order to protect not only their family but also others in need of help. Pretty soon she was idly touching herself under the folds of her stupidly big 19th Century dress. Not

for the last time, she was incredibly happy and sexually excited to have married a shrimpy, penniless cripple.

"But Papa, what about Uncle Scrooge?" squeaked his son, Tiny Jim. He was staring into the fire, maroon pants crossed in front of him, and looking a little sad. He appeared to not be certain what to do with his hands.

"Some things you just have to let go, my son," Tiny Tim said kindly.

"Oh but Papa—what about God? Won't he be mad at us for not catching that no-good killer?"

"God? God bless us, Tiny Jim. Each and every one."

And Tiny Jim stared unblinkingly at his father for a few moments before responding.

"You say odd shit to people, dude."



Epilogue

“OH YES,” SCROOGE SAID. “It was that Patrick guy. Strangled me, didn’t he? Yes, I think that was it. No matter. He’ll never know the truth now, that I was the one behind all the police raids on his domicile.”

The spirit stood there, hovering over his mortal remains, but his thoughts were somewhere else.

“Suppose he’ll blame someone else. Couldn’t be his own failings, could it? Couldn’t be that he brought it on himself by being disagreeable and altogether hateful to everyone who ever crossed his path.”

Scrooge ruminated on this for a few moments longer. He was beginning to feel a slight pull from above, as though a strong gust of wind was urging him skyward, but he resisted for a moment longer.

“You know,” he said, only faintly aware that he was talking to himself, “if ever anyone needed a visit from the Christmas ghosts, it was that man. Gluttonous, arrogant, consumed with his own mythology. I suppose it’s too late for him now. I suppose he’ll find that same unvisited grave someday, the one I saw when the spirits showed me my own future. That’s all for him, no more. No more ghosts about that Patrick guy.”

But a shiver on his shoulder made him wonder. The faint whisper of breath on his ear.

“Or perhaps there’s still time. Perhaps a man can change. Even a fat one.”

Scrooge began to fade then without really being aware of it. He was going up, up to the heavens where he would claim his eternal reward. Friendship and comfort and his 72 shiksas, for Scrooge was bound for Jewish heaven, which all know actually runs goyim heaven.

Patrick Hamlinson, though.... Well, who could say?

The New Year was beginning, and Scrooge would be watching.

THE END?

About the Author

Owen A. Forrems is an award-winning novelist from Chicago, Illinois. His works have been praised for their vivid characters, imaginative storylines, and emotionally captivating themes.

Owen's debut novel, "The Darkest Hour", was a runaway bestseller, and established Owen as a master storyteller. His subsequent works, including "The House of Dreams" and "The Winding Road", have all been critically acclaimed, winning numerous awards and garnering immense praise from readers and critics alike.

Owen's writing is deeply rooted in his own life experiences, and he has a knack for creating characters that feel real and stories that are both engaging and thought-provoking. When he's not writing, Owen enjoys traveling, playing guitar, and spending time with his family. He is currently working on his next novel.